

Conf Pam 12mo #521

D990994164



Pam
12mo
#521

A SHORT HISTORY

OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER AND DEATH OF CAPT. JOHN B. ANDREWS.

BY REV. WALTER W. PHARR, OF N. C.

It is believed that there are as many pious officers and soldiers in the Confederate Army, as have ever been drawn together in camp, or on the field of battle since the days of Cromwell. This is no doubt one great secret in that astonishing courage which they have exhibited, and those glorious victories which they have achieved. It is an acknowledged fact that the best officers and the bravest soldiers in the defence of our rights are those who are good soldiers of the cross of Christ.

By this desolating and cruel war the church has been robbed of some of her strongest pillars and brightest ornaments. Many of our officers are men of devoted piety, who have, and do exert a salutary, moral and religious influence over the men under their command. This was, in a high degree, the character of Capt. J. B. ANDREWS. The faith that was found in such lively exercise in the life, which shed such a lustre in the character and imparted such triumph to the death of this officer, this, like the faith of Timothy, (so highly commended by an inspired pen) first dwelt in his mother, and also in his grand-mother. It is an unspeakable blessing to have the restraints, the instruction, and the example of pious parents, in that important period of our history when our habits are forming, when our principles are becoming fixed, and our characters are taking their complexion for eternity. Capt. ANDREWS was a native of Rowan County, North Carolina. He graduated with distinction in the University of his native State, May, 1854, just one day

after he had reached his majority. He then engaged for a time in teaching with Mr. Bingham, in Alamance county. Subsequently he was associated with another gentleman in the charge of the Classical and Military Academy in Wilmington. In 1856 his health and his desire for mental improvement led him to travel in Europe. Soon after his return from his foreign tour, he was elected Professor in the Concord Female College, located in Statesville, and under the care of Concord Presbytery. This position by his promptness, his energy, his gentlemanly bearing, his active piety—he filled for more than a year, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. His kind feelings and amiable disposition commended him to all who knew him. He resigned his place in the College, and at the earnest solicitation of many parents, he opened in the town of Statesville a Classical and Military Academy. This institution was very prosperous under his judicious management. His influence over his pupils was both great and good. He governed his Academy with eminent success. He revered the majesty of heaven—he was a man of prayer—his pupils, both loved and feared him. His place in the house of God at preaching or prayer meeting was never vacant unless from Providential hindrance. He was not only present, but was ever ready to assist by leading the devotions of the congregation. The example which he set before, and the influence which he exerted over the young men where he resided was highly favorable to morality and religion.

At the commencement of hostilities in our country, he raised a company of Infantry composed largely of his own pupils. He joined the gallant Fourth Regiment of North Carolina State Troops—shared in all its hardships, trials and triumphs from Carolina to Manassas—from Manassas to Yorktown, Williamsburg and the Pines, and was never again seen at home until the day of his death. In the series of bloody battles around Richmond, while in the gallant discharge of his duty, a ball wounded his hand and lodged in his breast. When he had so far recovered, that he was about to leave Richmond on furlough, he was taken with the fever. Erysipelas ensued, and about 3 o'clock A. M., on the 23d of July, in the 30th year of his age, his spirit left its tenement of

clay, and returned to God who gave it. His remains were brought home and interred in Statesville, where he will sleep undisturbed by the clash of arms, or the shock of battle until the morning of the resurrection. Three days afterwards his venerable mother—a mother in Israel—was laid by his side. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided. Perhaps no one in Western North Carolina, for many years, has exerted so favorable an influence upon the cause of education, religion and patriotism with so little ostentation as Captain ANDREWS. Some twelve or fourteen officers from Statesville and the vicinity are, or have been, in the army instructed by Captain ANDREWS, or holding their position through his influence. But above all he lived the life of the Christian. And while he was fighting the battles of his country he did not forget to fight the good fight of faith. He died the Christian's death, and is doubtless now in the enjoyment of that rest that remains for the people of God. When about sixteen years of age he connected himself with the Presbyterian Church in Greensboro, whither his father had moved from Rowan. Thus early in life was his heart invigorated with those amiable qualities, which, assisted by an intellect of more than ordinary power, enabled him to exercise that self control which so admirably fitted him to govern others, and qualified him for the highest positions, either in civil or military life.

A short time before his dissolution he remarked to his physician that he was about to die. The physician replied: "but you are not afraid to die." His answer was "No!" "Have you any message for your friends and companions at home?" "Yes!" was the reply. "Tell them that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, I BELIEVE THIS!" As it was eloquently remarked to the large assembly of bereaved friends and weeping relatives that stood around his new-made grave, he might have told us of his devotion to his country, and reminded us that he fell in defence of her rights, and thereby evinced his patriotism; but his immortal spirit just before its departure to the Celestial City, turned with all that intensity that arises from a well founded hope beyond the grave, to that most important subject that can possibly engage the

mind of men. And he has in a few words, and those among the last that he uttered, preached the most impressive sermon that we have ever heard. Let the surviving members of his company, to whose temporal and spiritual welfare he was much devoted—let surviving officers and soldiers of the Regiment to which he belonged—let his former pupils and friends hear him, yea, let all hear him, for being dead he yet speaketh. His dying testimony confirms a great gospel truth, which has conveyed comfort to the bosoms of many dying officers, and illumined the pathway through the dark valley and shadow of death of many departing soldiers. It is worthy of all acceptation. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!"

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

C. M.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5